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## (THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND WILL END ON SATURDAY.)

Messenger set out up the beach, and presently the two left

behind saw him waving his arms and shouting.
"He's calling to some one," cried Fisher. "There's a man

running along the sand, and it looks like old Burke! It is,

On this he began to dress, with a disregard for the niceties

of the toilet which was admirable; and Kenner, taking heart

that another lived, stood up on his feet, and lurched along

with him toward the distant men. There was now no doubt

of Burke's identity, for there he was with his rolling, reck-

less gait, his arms bare, and his head without a hat, coming

swiftly over the sands toward them; and when he paused, it

was to waken the hills with the echo of his resounding hail.

curious figure jumped out as it were from a ledge of the

The figure was that of a dark, weather-beaten Spaniard, a

musket slung across his worn and ragged zamarra, or short

coat of sheepskin; and wore sea boots to his hips, though

they spoke of much service and decay. His sombrero was

black, with velvet trimming upon a portion of it; and his beard fell deep upon his chest, and had grown over his face

so that little was to be seen of him but dark and savage

eyes, and ears that were outstanding beyond experience. But

he displayed a surprised curiosity in the coming of the four;

the sea, as though he looked to find their ship at anchor or

When he had satisfied himself that they had no ship, bu

apparently were equally curious as to his identity, he wheeled

round as he had come, and disappeared in a moment behind

a low bush, plunging, as it seemed, into the face of the rock

goat path up which the Spaniard had disappeared; but, keep-

ing the shelter of the lower bay, they struck for the river, thinking the probability of getting some boat to be larger

there; and when they had walked a mile, they fell upon a

little cabin built curiously as a nest some few feet above the

beach. It was no more than a shanty of wood, roofed with

mounted from a hole in its roof and curled up the cliff; and

Burke made a dive into the room, the others watching him

while he rummaged with no gentle hand, and came out again presently, laden with three bottles of Tostado and some great

lumps of common pan de centeno, the dry and unpalatable

maire bread of the Galicians. He was walking away with them when Fisher called out: "I say, we ought to pay some-

Burke took the money, returned to the room, put the coln

As the men followed the woodland path through a tortuous

maze of abundant trees and heavy undergrowth, they came

presently to a clearing on the summit of a low cliff; a quar-

life-boat drawn up in some part out of the sea, but yet the

centre of a very pretty adventure. In the stern of the boat

was the man called one-legged Joe, the cook of the Semi-ramis, who lay back at his ease, his whole leg dangling over

the side of his ship, and his leg of wood stuck up in the air

with a yellow signal flag flying at the foot of it. But this subtle display of humor was not the best of his occupation;

who were armed only with sticks, and a third, who was no

They ran along the cliff sharply, descending with the path

sand in agony, the other two had now come up to the boat.

and were laying about them with their cudgels, while the nigger roared like a bull and dealt slashing blows with the

butt of his rifle. At this moment the four behind the bushes shouted with all their strength, and at the volley of sound

the Spaniards stayed their hands and stood back; but the

one-legged man sprang up at the opportunity, and, carrying his rifle in his hand, he hobbled with amazing rapidity of

gait toward the cliff, and was in a moment under cover of

They were now four and the last Spaniard was gone. The shipwrecked men hurried away from the scene of danger.

In the shadow of the cove Messenger pursued again the

only idea which had engrossed him since he came ashore. "Burke," said he, "I was thinking that the tide will be

full low about 4 in the morning. Is that so?"
"It should be," replied Burke, "if tides here sin't as queer

"In that case we might pull out a little after midnight

and see what luck we get then. The thing is if we should

have any luck, what are we going to do with the stuff, and

low are we going to hold it? To me it seems plain enough:

we must get a ship—buy one up at the nearest port, which you call Ferrol, I believe—and lie low here with the freight

until the man that goes for the ship picks us up. It's most cursedly unfortunate that we had a brush with those fellows;

but that we must forget. I don't suppose they'll follow us

across the bay here, and this seems to me just the place to

lie in, while we search every yard of the reef we can reach.

working always by the dark. There is no earthly reason,

providing our suppositions are right, why we should not do

will of the venture now. You won't forget that there are

"I was remembering that all along," said Kenner. "There's

three in it now, and if half of the load remains, we're rich men. For my part, I've a notion, though, that you might as

well seek out yonder for greenbacks as for kegs. Why, look

"There's current enough," interrupted Burke, as he drew

the boat further up the cove and hitched the painter to a

us. Any child ken see ez the aft cabin is riz up just like a

root which sprang from the bank, "but that don't concern

cradle. Whether the money lies there or is swep' away you'll

learn by looking, and not by talking; and you won't look till

"With that they all turned in, and not a man of them

in the shelter of the dark, and then rowed with that flerce

excitement and brooding expectancy which were so entirely

A few strokes now carried them to the cradle of rock in

which the last of the Semiramis lay. Though this presented

sheer face to the sea on the shoreward side, it fell away

When at last the ebb set in more rapidly, Burke sprang

on the far side of the bar, and the men, bringing the boat under shelter of the crag, waited until the tide should fall,

at the current! Who's seen the like of that?"

the outcome of the situation.

for it is yet but an hour after high water.

er of a mile away they observed the form of the yacht's

thing. I've got half-a-crown, if that will do."

in his own pocket, and came out again.

other than "goat-and-boots."

the shrubbery.

as the company."

less to share"-

its door stood open, showing proofs of habitation within.

and curiously ornamented with shells; but smoke

They moved at a brisk pace now, coming quickly to the

too, as I'm alive! What luck!"

headland to the soft sand below.

in difficulty.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

sported and foamed in long lines of green and white, and cast An American named Kenner and an Englishman named Messenger, learning that Sydney Capel, representing a banking-house of London, is to escort £1,000,000 (£5,000,000) in gold from London to Russia, plot to get the money. Capel is induced to join them. In Kenner's yacht, Semiran, they attack Capel's special tug, Admiral, as it is crossing the North Sea, get the gold and sink the tug. Capel is killed in defending the treasure, as is his honest companion, Congers. All the crew of the tug saved join the conspirators. The tug's mate, Mike Brennan, who had led the fight in defense of the gold, is supposed to be drowned when the tug goes down. The Semirania, a yacht owned by an American adventurer, Kenner, descended on a tug. Admiral, in the North Sea, robbed it of a million eterling in gold and sunk it, leaving the one honest man in its crew, Mike Brennan, struggling in the water. The yacht was pursued by a British cruiser, riddled with shot and went ashore on the Spanish coast after eight days' flight. Kenner, his partner, Messenger, and the latter's young friend, Hal Fisher, escaped from the wreck together and knew net that any members of the crew were equally fortunate. up fountains of glistening spray above the place of wreckage

## CHAPTER III. Terrors of no Allen Const.

D URKE'S cry rang out above the thunder of the surf, and echoed through the ship to its ultimate depths. Men in the first grip of sleep sprang from their resting aces at its clarion note, only to find themselves dashed hither and thither as splinters in a whirlpool. Others, dumbto knowledge in the clutch of drink, were drowned as they lay, or washed, yet insensible, to the crass and spikes of the hidden reef, where death took them. A few clung to safetylines, or lashed themselves to booms or shrouds, and thus, for a spell, bore the brunt of the breaking seas.

When the first shock had struck the yacht, Messenger Kenner and Fisher had been in the saloon, wrapped in blankets, and seeking sleep. As they awoke, half choking, Fisher's voice was the first to be heard

"Prince!" cried he, "Prince! where are you? We're drown-

'I'm here!" oried Messenger back to him; "give me your hand. I'd pay a thousand pounds for a light!"
"Heaven help us!" mouned Kenner, as the water gurgled

in his throat. "What is it, Prince? Man, I'm dying!"

"Make for the ladder!" cried Messenger, as fie exerted himself with a supreme effort. "Hal, hold to me! Kenner, if you don't fight for it, you'll drown like a dog!"

Fisher, who had his courage back, fighting water with the instinct of the young swimmer, grasped the companion at last, and hauled himself up with fierce strength. The Prince at his heels; but the American, tumbling headlong on the slippery floor, fell at the foot of the stairs, and lay there, while another sea poured its suffocating crest upon him. There he might have lain and died but for the lad, who, coming upon the deck, immediately looked about him to see how his companions had fared, and, observing only Messenger at his side, descended the ladder, and went again into the blackness of the cabin and the cold of the water.

As Fisher himself said when pressure induced him to narrate the occurrence: "I thought when once I had lost my feet that Messenger was right, and that I should lie dead with the man I had come to save. The water surged in my eyes, and got into my gullet, so that I struggled for breath like one who is being suffocated. Then I stood again, with the flood almost up to my waist, and, going to advance a step, I struck my head against the projecting fringe of the ceiling, thrown back almost insensible upon the soaking cushions. That fall probably saved Kenner. As I lurched back with the pain of the blow I put my foot upon his body, and in a moment I had him in my arms and was staggering toward the companion. Those who have never dragged a man don't know how his weight nearly wrenches your joints from their sockets; and I am sure that, had I not got unusual strength from the situation, Kenner would never have come on deck alive. But he was gurgling horribly when I picked him up; and as I heard the rattle in his throat I for as he reached in the boat he discharged his Winchester fought for dear life, dragging his body over the kegs of gold, at intervals, and he had for targets two ragged Spaniards, and so up the companion. There the Prince met me, and we lashed him and ourselves to the rail of the skylight, and

It must have been 3 o'clock, and very near to the hour of until they were down upon the beach, but hid by the shelter dawn, when there was a break in the enveloping vapor, and of the thorn-bushes which bordered the sand. Even while less thunder of the waves. The three men, lying in dull they ran the situation of the seaman in the boat had beor, might never have seen the lifting of the sky had not the sound of Burke's voice—this time unmistakable and clear | carried the musket, and the fellow was crawling along the -aroused them to show of activity.

"You, there, forward!" he suddenly bellowed. "That mast's going-look to yourselves!"

"The mast! Come off the mast, I tell you!" roared Burke for the second time, and then men aft took up the dry as they saw his meaning. Eight of the hands were huddled together in the foretop, and the mast which sheltered them was giving to the seas, and threatening with every shock to dunge into the cavern of spuming water which lay between

"A "ninth" wave hit the tottering mast, and it snapped like a rotten branch, dashing the seven men hard upon the surface of the sea, and throwing an eighth from his hold so that he went down as from a trapeze. Then his head struck a spike of rock with such a horrid sound that those o heard it covered their faces and turned from the sight. Of the seven who went under with the mast but two rose again, showing terror-struck visages in the dawn light, and orying piteously, as though the sea would relent or the rocks

'Well," cried Burke, "we'll share the yaller load in blazes, all of us, I guess!"

He was about to say more, but the bridge beneath him of a sudden fell before the ceaseless onslaught of the swell, and. rearing up its edge high above the water, disappeared in a moment, carried by the rushing current which swept between Messenger turned to look at the American, who was sitting

half-dazed and voiceless, and he said:

"Kenner, we're going to swim for it." At these words the American raised his head and strug-

ried to his feet. "You won't leave me," he gasped: "I can't die alone!" And then he fall to wailing like a woman, and staggered toward the door of the staircase, whence he slid down the inclined plane of the deck until he was caught by the stream amidships and carried into the whirlpool. Fisher had followed him instinctively, and was in the water to grip him even before he sank for the first time; and from that moment began the lad's terrible battle with the cataracts of the

Meanwhile Messenger had not hesitated to face the terror of the rock-pool, and, having given one piteous glance at the wreck wherein all his hope lay, had dived boldly from the poop, and had come more readily than the others into the comparative calm of the open water, and so to the shallows He was, as were the two who had first reached land, exhausted and nigh dead; he trembled with the cold; his face was an ashen color; his clothes hung in rags upon him. But his first act, on coming to the inhospitable haven, was to turn a long look to the distant islets, where the relic of the ship lay, and to stand motionless for many minutes before

he sank upon the sand and buried his face in his hands. Day broke with southern maturity, a day of relentless sun and intermittent breeze; and the warmth was as wine to the men marooned by the act of God in the haven of Galicia. Even Kenner, who had been very near to death, felt the blood coursing through his veins again; and Fisher slept upon a sheet of sand, regardless of the powerful rays which, the hours of the early morning, poured down upon him. Messenger alone, shivering and silent, was cowed into depths of melancholy by the overwhelming visitation

which had fallen upon the yacht. All was bleck, bold, barren; the walls of iron rock shot with forbidding face to vast heights; there was no sign of track or path, of coast-guard or signal station; and away put to sea the needles of rocks whereon the yacht had foun- ing that triumph or fallure in that hour meant in reality dered seemed alone in possession of the water. Beyond them life or death to the and the line of sandy shallow the great rollers of the bay

POST-MORTEM advice is always impressive.

When a man in his will enjoins his heirs to a certain line of conduct diametrically opposed to his own his wishes are certain to at least meet with respectful attention not unmixed with curiosity.

Pierre Numa Olivier, a descendant of one of the founders of New Orleans, lived the life of a rich and luxurious man of the world, and lived it in what certainly should have been single-blessedness, if there be such a state. Mr. Olivier had everything birth, education, prestige and enormous wealth

He lived apparently a life of singularly luxurious case. He was a favorite

of fortune. He never married.

The other day he died, revered and beloved, and left his great fortune to his nephews and nieces, with this injunction in his will: "I shall die with the eignet of not having fulfilled the mission of a man on this earth, which is to merry and raise a family. I advise my nephews and friends not to follow my

There are a great many of Mr. Olivier's married men acquaintances was have perhaps at times envied the bachelor's freedom, his carelers ease, his ability to go and come unquestioned, his peace of mind and personal escape from dressmakers' accounts, domestic servant problems, whooping cough and measles But now that the tich bachelor's story is told; now that he has revtaled himself, it is evident that the envied rich and care-free man, with nothing to trouble him, was in truth the true object of sympathy, though no one suspected it.

Had Mr. Olivier voiced his own conclusions he would perhaps have said: "Marriage may be a lottery, but single-blessedness is a succession of blanks." The truth is that at least you stand a fair chance of drawing a prize if you will do your share in the matrimonial bargain.

The humblest of Mr. Olivier's men acquaintances was happier than the millionairs bachelor if he possessed a wife who loved him and little children to be protected and to give to him that wonderful, unquestioned, admiring affection of babyhood and childhood that inspires the parent to live up to his best capacities and compensates him a hundred-ford for his sacrifices. Mr. Roosevelt believes every man should marry and rear a family. With due respect for the the church are innumerable. Most of the expeditious all the little people out by teaching them to act, so they conviction of a man who is himself an ideal husband and father, I do not think methods are time-worn, however, and the afternoon tea, the could raise money for my society. every one should marry, because I think there are men and women who are not church fair, the raffle, the subscription devices are as old fit to be husbands and wives, much less fathers and mothers.

Certainly there are men and women whose fralities, physical and mental, dies' Aid Society are by no means easy. She must be full of should not be perpetuated. There are others who do not even know the letters energy and originality nowadays to raise money. They were still telling the history of the night when a But the average sane and sober man who has married the girl he loved and what schemes they would employ to raise money for the attract money into the Ald Society coffers. has, with her as a dear and charming companion, tolled hard to make a home. Church if they were presidents of a Ladies' Ald Society: however humble, which shelters little children, has tasted of joys deeper and sweeter than any the New Orleans millionaire ever knew. man of some age, but exceedingly ill clad. He carried an old

After all, is the very rich man or woman so greatly to be envied? Doubtless Mr. Olivier, aiways rich and courted, in his youth dreaded, as all

rich men and heiresses do, that he would be married for his money. The young man in average circumstances or the actually poor steady man really stands a better chance of happiness than the millionaire bachelor. Unquestionably, Mr. Olivier regretted his unfulfilled life.

The complaining tribe of husbands are referred to the rich man's post-mortem adivce. But not every man should therefore conclude it is his duty to marry, and stood watching them, or shooting quick glances out at our honored President to the contrary. The sick man, the miser, the jealous man, the man whose mother makes those

ples that prove the entering wedge of discord in many a family-The man who hates children and pets, the man who prefers his club or the

billiard saloon to his home-The man of ungovernable temper-

The man who marries for his own comfort and pleasure, not for the happiass and pleasure of the girl who is to be queen of his home-

Let these men adern the earth in single splendor to the end of the chapter. They not only never will be missed, but every one concerned will be happier and the aspect of the universe will brighten, because the women they might have rendered wretched will bring their full share of smiles to the world, and the hearts they would have broken will remain whole.

# Neat Housewife's Apron.



Every woman who has occasion to assist in the household tasks or who t devoted to art work of any sort knows the value of a comfortable apron which can be trusted to perfectly protect her gown. No. 4,120 is shown in a checked gingham, white with lines of blue, but can be moved until dark was down upon the sea, and from the distant cape the light shone flickering and feeble, as do so many backs that are shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, and includes of the headland lanterns on this desolate coast. At that hour bishop sleeves finished with straight cuffs. The neck can be completed by the Messenger, huddled up amidships, shook himself like a dog; collar or cut in either square or round outline and left plain, as preferred. Ample

and when he had sat up, he awakened the others. All being patch pockets provide additional convenience, thus aroused, they pushed out the boat silently from the quantity of material required for the The quantity of material required for the medium size is 71/2 yards 32 inche alcove, and, scarce daring to use their oars, crept to the bay wide." The pattern, No. 4.120, is out in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust meas

ure. It will be madled for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. from the bows to the plateau with nimble step, and, being The Kind You Have Always Bought come up on the poop, he presently disappeared into the cabin; but the others waited expectantly and silently, know-

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WEST END The Heart of Maryland. STAR Little Church Around Corner KEITH'S and BEST GHOW IN YOUR CONNER LETTERS AND FRICING SECTION OF THE PRICES SECTION OF

# OF A LADIES' AID SOCIETY."



Money for Church Purposes.

life come under the spell of contributing to a Ladies' Aid Society. Male come under the spen of contributing to a Ladie buy Juvenile plays could be produced by children, and I Ald Society fund? The ways of raising money to buy Juvenile plays could be produced by children, and I new carpets for the rectory or to raise the mortgage off should keep them busy in this line. I believe I would start as the church itself. The duties of the president of a La-

Here are the statements of six Broadway stars, who tell lot of the most beautiful young girls in the parish, might

MARIE CAHILL-If I were president of a church Ladies' Aid Society I would raise money by singing. I believe dies' Aid Society I would raise money by singing. I believe every girl in the society trained to execute figs and fancy that people should use the gefts that nature has given them dances so that we could give enough entertainments to for the best purpose, and if the singing of songs, whether raise all the noney we needed. I can speak with some knowlthey are stage selections or not, can help along religious raise all the none; we needed. I can speak with some knowledge on Ald Society work, for my mother was president of work, I say by all means let songs be sung. I would not one for years and I have danced and sing for them many sure of patronage.

ELSIE LESLIE-Th. It would be easy to raise money for church if only the right method were adopted. If I were president of a Ladies' Aid Society I would give dramatis every one in the drama and would simply make them patronperformances. Old English comedies would be just the ize our entertainments. A fine idea would be to produce thing. They are both instructive from the literary stand-point and are interesting. No denomination could take offense at the presentation of English classics. Amateurs can flicting elements; for the drama grew out of religion, give classics very satisfactorily, because where they lack in Straitlaced people might exclaim against utilizing the drama dramatic ability they fill out with the literary significance in any form for raising money for a church, but I will tations for church work which were really good. Out in clety, if properly conducted, than any other method. California I visited the Mission of San Gabriel, near Los
Angeles, and found a little hall converted into a theatre.

This is the oldest Episcopal church in California and dent of a Ladles' Aid Society I would resign.

Six Actresses Tell How They Would Raise dramatic productions, musical pieces and farces are given repeatedly, and the rector sees, in the stage, the best aid

It does not violate the idea of religion to produce dramas, and I should be a most enthusiastic exponent of this means THERE is the person who has not at some time in his of raising money if I should ever be president of a Ladies'

LILLIAN RUSSELL-Well, it would be rather a tax on my imagination to say what I should do under the cir-cumstaacs, but I think I would try and start something absolutely new. Perhaps a series of beauty lectures, with a

CECIL SPOONER-A song and dance by all means. Why I would start out by dancing myself, and then I would have confine myself to the traditional and musty processes of one for years and I have danced and sung for them many raising money. Give people entertainment and you will be the song and dance that takes every time.

GRACE GEORGE-I would start out by interesting

# An Analysis of Man's Love.

coforless images:

certain collection of emotions are produced in me in connection with these can disconstructions are produced in me in connection with these can disconstructions. The images."

Unfortunately, the important things to be noted are rarely observed by sweethearts. They write love-letters and fill them with expressions of all sorts of exalted or depressing emotions, caprice and affection, but they do not tell their and affection. Figure 1. There is a great difference between the passions of the two sexes. The passion of the two sexes. The passion of the two sexes. The passion of the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes. The passions of the two sexes. The passions of the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes. The passions of the two sexes. Why Not Proctor's? To-DAY.

Amusements.

Why Not Proctor's? To-DAY.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill their and affection, but they do not tell their and affection, but they do not tell their and affection. The passions of the two sexes. The passions of the two sexes. The passions of the two sexes.

Why Not Proctor's? To-DAY.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes.

Why Not Proctor's? To-DAY.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes. The passions of the two sexes.

Why Not Proctor's? To-DAY.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill the woman shows a remarkable difference between the passions of the two sexes.

Convinuous vaudevilla see and fill the

whough nor precise enough. The scientist is obliged to make interpretations of what their words signify and in a certain degree to divine the condition of their minds.

In a certain general way the side purely sensual and the side intellectual, so to speak, are easily recognized in love and passion. Again, the passion reveals its complex character by the alterations that it undergoes. This is likely to escape the notice of the people who a term in the case of the people who a term it is easy of detection.

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16 In a certain general way the side purely sensual and the side intellectual, so to speak, are easily recognized in love, and the passion reveals its complex character by the gardiess of price, and trial will convince you. At druggies —15 ots. 40 ots, and 75 cts.

17 In a certain general way the side purely sensual and the side intellectual, so to speak as a sensual representation. The price with your order.

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facial attraction one might otherwise pos-sess, are not always natural. Oftener than sess, are not always natural. Oftener than otherwise they are the result of carelossmers or neglect: yet grief, ill-health, lack of facial control and the emotions often register their imprint thus upon the human countenance. nents I speedily clear the complexion and restre the skin to a healthy, natural state, tree from wrinkle, pimple, spot or blemish.

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Father Paulham, the Belgian scientist, who has been analyzing love much as a botanist analyzes the parts of a flower into stamens, pistils, petals, sepals and the like, flouts the idea of the unknowable mysteries and attractions of Mme. de Stael's grande passion, says the Pitish burg Dispatch.

A good way of analyzing love is to observe that the images and even the abstract ideas which accompany it all have an emotional bias which is easy to recognize, and that this emotional tendency accompanies even the ideas which are not represented to the consciousness save by extremely vague abstract ideas, "Thus," says M. Paulham. "If I seek to revive in myself the impression of such and such a walk in the fields must waken in me the vague, abstract colorless images: at the same time a certain collection of emotions are produced in me in connection with these limages."

There is a great difference here which is not at all understanding the love of a Stuart Mills is not the same way the sa

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14th St. Theatre, Mats. Wed. & Sat. The 4 COHANS PUNNING PUNNING POR OFFICE. MARIE DRESSLER. CIRCLE, All Star acts at the Broadway & COth etree 2.15—Daily—8.15. DEWEY MATINEE TO-DAY

E. 14TH ST. 2-BURLESQUES-2 ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th st. & Irving pt. LAST FRANK DANIELS' COMIC OPERA CO. In "MISS SISPLECTED." WEEK in "MISS SIMPLECITY."
Prices, 25-50-75-1.00. Mat. Sat., 2. By., 215.

GRAND-HENRY MILLER Nxt.w'k-FRANCIS WILSON - "The Toreader."

HURTIG & SEAMON'S ATTHAT MATINEE | Jules & Ella Carrison, Beilman TU-DAY. | & Moore, 3 Livingstons, others. METROPOLIS. Evgs. 8.15. Mark Wed., Sat.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE SAL SE. R. T. Lest 4 Styr. 8.30. Mats. A FOLL AND HIS NOW NEW SAVOY THEATHE. 38th St. 6 December, Last 4 Evgs. 8.15. Mais, To-day & Gat., 2.25 EZRA KENDALL IN THE VINEGAR BUYER HERALD SQ. Lest 4 Evgs. Mais. To-day 6 Bat GRACE GEORGE in PRETTY PEGGY. Next Monday—DAN DALY in JOHN HENRY,

Brooklyn Amusements.

PARK E MATURES A Romance of Coon Hollow.

COLUMBIA

life or death to them. (To Be Continued.)